

## Feed My Head

Overkill

Talk is cheap  
I can't afford the price of wasted time  
Who will reap the profit of the lie?

Fantasy  
Illusion, fusion impressions of a high  
Sacred is the being of the lie

Drawn is a picture of myself  
It's all that I see leaving  
Gone are the cries I heard for help  
The mirror spits reflections of a lie

Are you waiting for a chance?  
Won't happen standing in the rain

Damage done  
The truth is drowning in a sea of hate  
Wet, they wear their fiction like a badge over their hearts

Drawn is a picture of myself  
It's all that I feel bleeding  
Gone are the cries I made for help  
The mirror spits reflections of a lie

Feed my head, I'm hungry for a lie

Be sure and teach your children well  
To use it pure and slow  
Be sure they teach their children  
Be sure the children's children

Slight of hand, slight of word  
Slight to be the absurd  
Feed my head, hungry  
I'm hungry for a lie

Drawn is a picture of myself  
It's all that I see greiving  
Gone are the cries I made for help  
The mirror spits reflections of a lie

(Feed my head)  
Of a lie  
(Feed my head)  
Reflections of a lie  
(Feed my head, feed my)